

LIES  
SUN  
WATER  
CATS  
NAG

19

CHARGES AGAINST  
THE YOUNG HERR HOLM  
FOR GROSS SELF-

GLASSES  
ITCH  
STUFF  
AND  
MORE!

PROPAGANDA



Welcome...



ALL CONTENT  
WRITTEN, ILLUSTRATED, AND LIVED

BY  
**KIM HOLM**

FROM 2009 TO 2010 ON CRETE  
AND IN BERGEN, NORWAY, WHERE  
KIM CURRENTLY SPENDS HIS  
TIME STARING BROODINGLY  
AT EMPTY SPACE AND WRITING  
ABOUT HIMSELF IN THIRD-PERSON...



All content in this comic is meant to be shared in any way possible. If you're interested in publishing anything from these pages, for fun or for profit, please contact me at:

DenUngeHerrHolm@gmail.com

or through my blog.

Oh, and enjoy!

Thanks to @jf\_moen @Gonzalexx @Sallythatdraws  
and a stranger on Twitter for proof-reading.

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[www.cartoonarchy.blogspot.com](http://www.cartoonarchy.blogspot.com)

BLINK



IT'S REALLY THAT SIMPLE. JUST SHUT EYES AND SEE WHAT IS.  
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KIM PREPARES  
FOR  
**SUMMER**



AURGH...

MY  
EYES...MY  
EYES...

IT  
BURNS!!  
YAARRHGH...



# A LITTLE BREAK...

...OR WHY I LOVE COLD WATER!

SHIT GOES ON WITH THE SWIMMING POOL  
SHIT GOES ON WITH THE SWIMMING POOL



SHIT GOES ON WITH THE SWIMMING POOL  
SHIT GOES ON WITH THE SWIMMING POOL



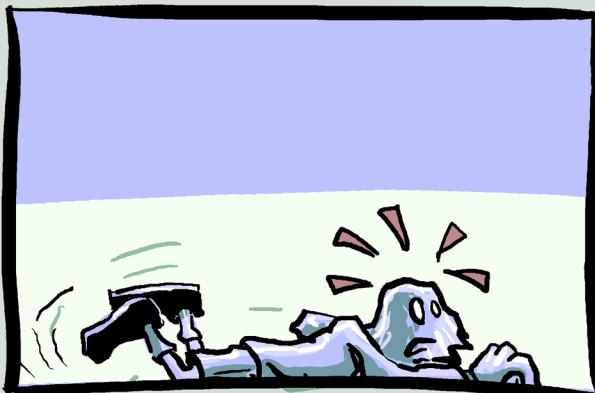
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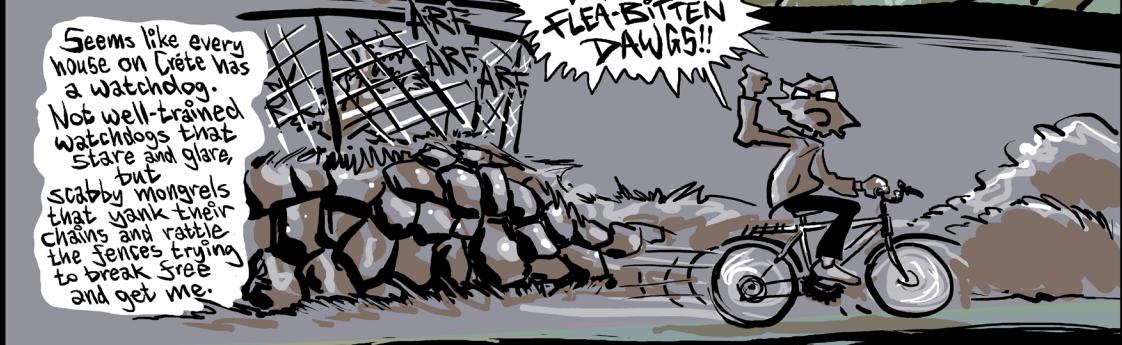
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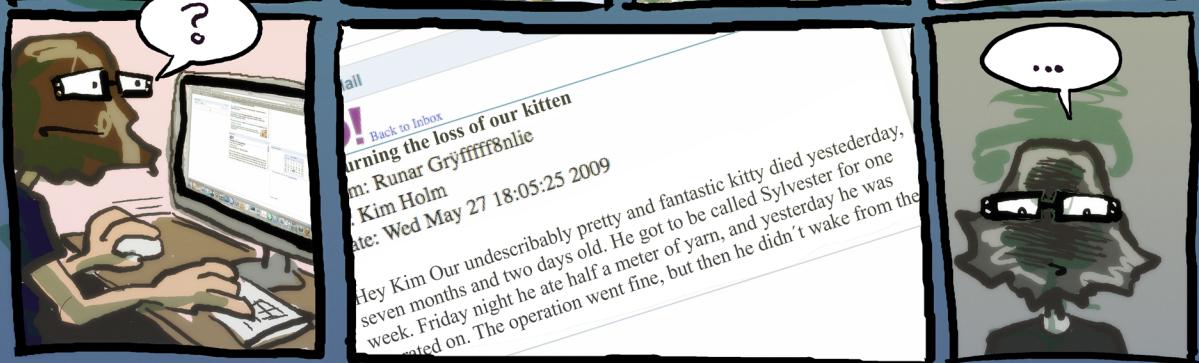
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Exercise...







# Excuses...

As some of you might have noticed I haven't updated my comics in a little while. Evil tongues may try to suggest that this is because of laziness and incompetence, but oh noes...



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...As it happens, I was strolling merrily along, ready for an honest day's work, when I heard a peculiar humming above me. The noise reminded me of something between an electric toothbrush and a Gregorian choir hopped up on helium.



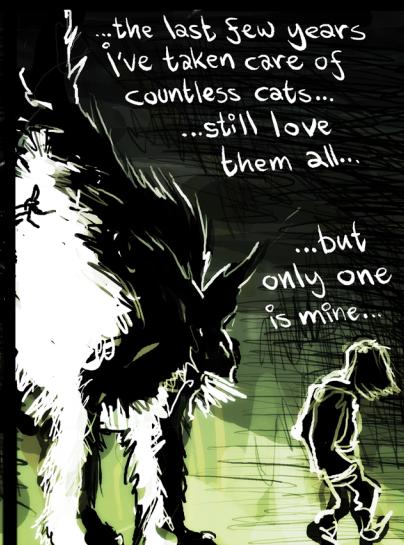
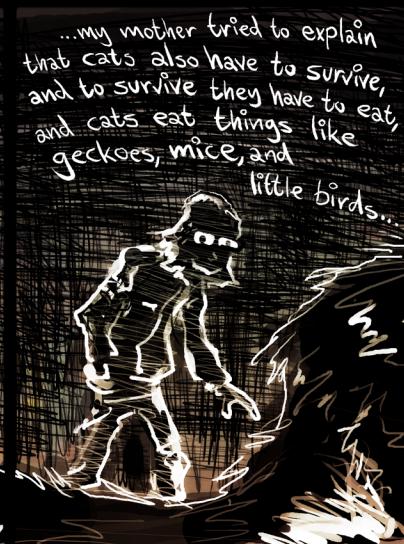
...and before I could even blink I was abducted by aliens that manhandled me away to their home planet called "KTFLEHJUJL" (which is difficult to pronounce without at least 5 larynxes).



There I had to save a cuddly prince from the evil Count Olaf, and it goes without saying that stuff like that takes a lot of time away from the art-desk. The fate of a planet on my shoulders and a lustful prince threatening every loincloth in sight.



Cats...



## Property...

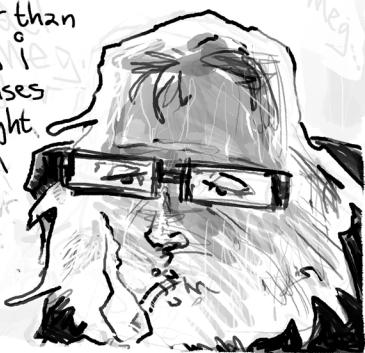
There's a moped in my room. Not my moped. Not my room, really. Cellar. Borrowed from a friend who rents from others that own yet want to sell what they own to new owners...



I don't really sleep with my glasses on. They lie on top of the medicine cabinet in the bathroom in the second floor of my mother's house. Forgotten. Contacts on constantly. But the glasses are essential. They are mine. Part of me...

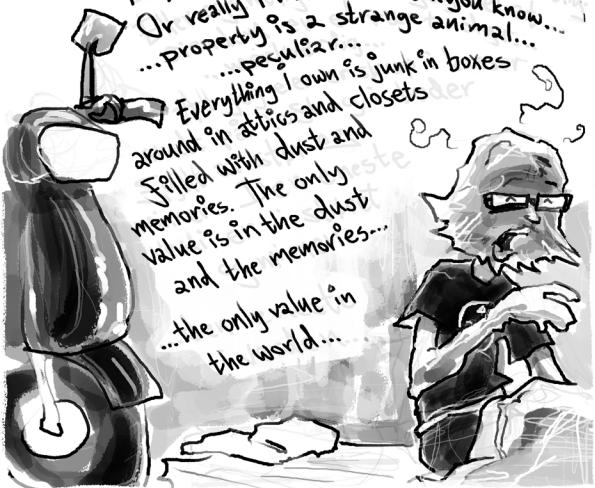
...And... a bit older than me, actually. If I

change the lenses the frames might fall apart and turn to dust...



Property is so... eh... Proper... Or really I mean that... you know... Property is a strange animal... ...peculiar...

Everything I own is junk in boxes around in attics and closets filled with dust and memories. The only value is in the dust and the memories... ...the only value in the world...

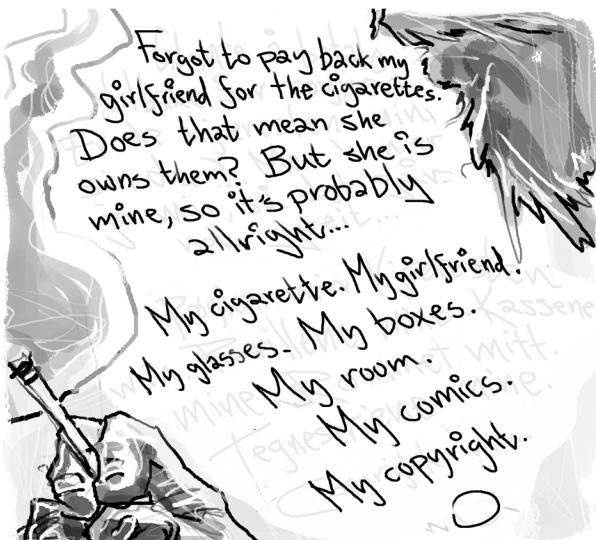


Cigarette turns to smoke. And, cigarette However long it's still my cigarette... GOD forbid it should become a part of me... really mine... have to quit... ...again... again... again...



Forgot to pay back my girlfriend for the cigarettes. Does that mean she owns them? But she is mine, so it's probably alright...

My cigarette. My girlfriend.  
My glasses. My boxes.  
My room.  
My comics.  
My copyright.

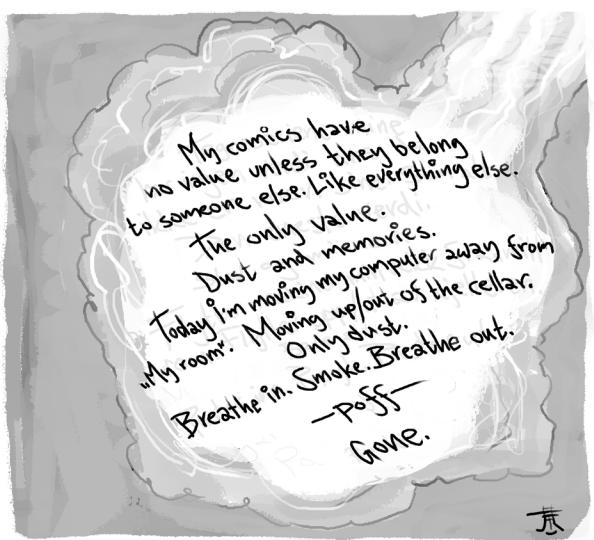


My comics have no value unless they belong to someone else. Like everything else.

The only value.

Dust and memories. Today I'm moving my computer away from my room. Moving up/out of the cellar. Only dust. Breathe in. Smoke. Breathe out.

-Puff-  
Gone.



Nag...

What a nice grey day! Autumn warms heart and soul, invites inspiration in!  
Is there anything more beautiful than clouds over the mountains?  
The smell of Fall tickles my nostrils...  
Can life get any better?  
Have to go for a walk...  
A run, maybe?

But first... draw my weekly comic!  
And maybe draw a bit on a song?  
I need 5 or 6 song-comics for the concert... have to call and see if there are enough microphones... Draw something for a friend? Yodel a tune... Yodel-eh-ee-oo...



...AND  
...and  
excercising and...  
smoking and start  
and ! have to quit  
and MONEY and games  
about Confusia and my thugger  
have to finish off it... And what...  
Find the article on Alan Moore...

Nag, nag, nag...



EB

SOMETIMES  
WHEN THE MOOD  
HITS ME...

...I HIT THE  
WALL...

...TILL MY  
KNUCKLES BLEED...

...IT  
DOESN'T HELP  
THE MOOD...

...BUT IT DOES  
MARVELS  
FOR MY  
ART-STYLE!



秦  
KIM





## Narcissism...



A black and white cartoon illustration of a man with a mustache and a bow tie, looking up at a thought bubble containing text. The thought bubble contains the text "Think I'll save the haircut for another day..." surrounded by several small heart shapes.

The day goes by...



Ideas...



the end...

ゑ

Work...



# HAPPY NEW YEAR!

WELCOME TO  
THE SECOND YEAR  
OF MY BLOG!  
BETTER AND  
BETTER!

THIS YEAR THE  
BLOG WILL UPDATE  
MORE OFTEN, WITH  
LIES, COMICS  
AND SCRIBBLINGS!

MAYBE  
EVEN MORE  
SONG AND A  
FOOD RECIPE  
OR TWO?

AND I PROMISE I WON'T  
MAKE MORE COMICS  
ABOUT NOT HAVING ANY  
IDEAS FOR COMICS TO  
PUBLISH EACH WED...

WEDNESDAY?

skribble  
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Empty...



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# A Look back...





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you want, as long as you give proper credit.  
Preferably to my site. Oh, and drop me a line.  
'K, thanks.



This is a collection of autobiographical comics translated from my Norwegian blog. There was never any plan or any goals. Still don't really have a plan. But I think it's vital for artists, in this age of the interwebs, to find ways to distribute their work without the shackles of copyright. So if you've bought this tiny collection, thank you for supporting me, and please feel free to share it in any way you want. More people reading my comics means more ways to make money to use to make more free comics. I depend on you...



written, drawn, and  
lived by  
Kim Holm

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